

EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Mary Brinker Post

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# Every Wednesday Afternoon

Woman's Home Companion  
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by Mary Brinker Post

MISS MAYNARD came in early with her lunch on a tray and afterward she did her hair and fixed her for the afternoon. "If your sister comes in later on you'll want to look nice," chirped the nurse, brushing her heavy dark hair. "My, but your hair is lovely. Just as soft as silk and so thick. You must have been a very beautiful girl, Mrs. Alexander."

Sheila smiled faintly, amused as always at the little shock she felt at the use of the past tense. It was curious how you still kept the feeling of being beautiful. Perhaps you did till the very end, with nothing to shatter the illusion except random glimpses of yourself in a mirror. That used to bring her up with a start and she'd stare at the strange woman in the

glass who resembled so fleetingly the person she had been or rather the person she really was inside, and wonder how she got there. But now of course there was nothing to remind her of the passing of youth. Once more the assurance and serenity of beauty had returned, giving its old grace and charming imperiousness to her manner. Even in adversity she had been blest.

"Thank you, Miss Maynard. I'd like to change to that ruffled rose chiffon blouse, so please use the pastel lipstick, if you will."

"The rose blouse is so becoming to you," bubbled Miss Maynard, completely and unconsciously patient and obliging. Sheila was always a bit proud that the nurse complied so readily and eagerly with her re-

quests and whims, as if she did so out of admiration and respect, never out of pity. It was one more proof that in spite of everything her power and fascination for people was as potent as ever. When you had so little left, these things were a source not only of pride but of spiritual strength.

"There. You look just lovely, Mrs. Alexander. Now before I go, shall I help you into your chair and turn on the radio for you?" Miss Maynard hovered over her like a proud mother pleased with a charming child. Her uniform had a clean starched smell and it crackled like paper when she moved. Sheila had always been sensitive to the smell of people and now was even more so. When she was a girl she'd turned down a handsome likable [continued on page 73]

ILLUSTRATOR: EARL CORDREY

It's a hard thing to say about sisters, but one  
of them would be happier  
if she never saw the other again . . .



It was all she could do  
to keep from tearing  
the card to bits





"Yes," Margaret said, "Willy and I have gone together for a long time"

ILLUSTRATOR: COBY WHITMORE



young man with masses of money because he smelt of shoe polish and lilac water.

"I'll rest on the chaise longue, but I don't feel like listening to the radio now, thank you. I can reach it if I want it on later."

Sheila stood up confidently and moved slowly, but gracefully, across the room, with only the slightest pressure from the nurse's hand on her elbow to guide her. She held her head in a curious lifted manner, as if listening to sounds no one else could hear.

When she was settled on the chaise longue she leaned back and smiled toward the nurse. "Oh, Miss Maynard, one thing more. I'd love a few drops of cologne on my handkerchief," and the plain rawboned woman sprang to get it for her.

EDNA MACFARLAND backed her smart little roadster out of the garage, swung it down the driveway, noticing with pleasure, as she always did, how impressive their house looked, set among the laurels and boxwood. Such a background gave you an assurance and poise that made up for a lot of things you could never have.

At the corner, Mrs. Weber was waiting for the bus. Edna pulled over to the curb, nodding and smiling at her to get in.

"Well, isn't this nice?" cried Mrs. Weber, hoisting her ample figure onto the seat beside Edna. "I do hate waiting for the bus but the children took my car to the Riding Club and Walter has the big car."

"I'm so glad I noticed you there," replied Edna, pleased that she and Henry too had two cars and were thus on a par with Mrs. Weber. "Are you going downtown?"

"I'm on my way to Margaret Jennings' tea. Is that where you're bound too?"

"I'm going right past there, but I can't drop in because this is my day at my sister's. I try never to disappoint her if I can possibly help it, even if it means giving up other plans," said Edna quickly, flushing because she hadn't been asked to the Jennings tea.

"Oh yes, your sister is Sheila Alexander, isn't she? My, I was so shocked to hear about her condition. She was one of the most beautiful women I've ever known," cried Mrs. Weber with a compassionate little smack of her lips. Quite unconsciously she glanced at Edna's plump flushed face and Edna, with the old burn of resentment, knew what was passing through her mind. "It must be dreadful for her."

"It isn't easy for any of us," snapped Edna, more sharply than she'd intended. "She really hasn't anyone now but Henry and me."

"That's what I heard. Her husband died several years ago, didn't he? What a pity! He was such a charming man, so distinguished and so devoted to her. A writer, wasn't he? Some sort of foreigner—I remember, an Austrian. And what happened to her daughter? She did have a daughter, didn't she?" Mrs. Weber went on in the plaintive half-wailing half-eager voice that women use to discuss the misfortunes of others.

"Oh yes, she has a daughter—Mimi. She's in New York studying music," said Edna flatly.

"My goodness, you'd think she'd come home and take care of her mother or else have Sheila with her in New York! It seems a shame for her to leave it all to you. I imagine it's quite a worry," sympathized Mrs. Weber and Edna's heart expanded and warmed to her.

"Well, it is a bit difficult for me. I'd have her live with us, but Henry won't hear of it. He says I'd wear myself out waiting on her and I suppose I would. Sheila always did take a lot of waiting on even when she was well. Of course Conrad spoiled her dreadfully. He treated her like a queen and, well, she still expects it." Edna laughed but her eyes glittered. "When he died there wasn't much left

for Sheila. And with Mimi spending money on her music, there's even less. I suppose eventually Henry and I will have to take care of her. Henry's awfully generous about it but it doesn't seem fair for him to have the burden of my relatives."

"Of course not. Well, I think it's wonderful of you to give up your social life to her, my dear. Wonderfully kind and loyal." Mrs. Weber patted Edna's arm. "Not many women would, I can tell you."

"It's the least I can do, Mrs. Weber. After all, she's my sister and I can't bear to think of her sitting all alone in the dark, day after day," sighed Edna.

"Doesn't she have anyone with her at all?" Mrs. Weber cried in a shocked voice.

"Oh yes, she has Miss Maynard, a practical nurse. She lives in the same apartment house. But, after all, a stranger isn't like your own family."

They had reached the Jennings house and Edna slowed down at the curb. Mrs. Weber sat for a moment staring into space. Her elderly well-bred face looked genuinely sad. "It's such a pity," she murmured, "to think of that lovely girl like that. I'll never forget when she came home from Europe as a bride. I never saw a happier face nor a more beautiful one. I remember I gave a reception for her and her husband. And the way he looked at her—well, it was as if there were no one else in the world. You don't often see people so much in love." Mrs. Weber sighed, gathered herself together to get out. "It's terrible to think of tragedy coming to two such wonderful people. But what a comfort you must be to your poor sister, my dear!"

"I try to be," said Edna smiling bravely and humbly.

Mrs. Weber backed out dexterously, waved to Edna and moved sedately up the path. Two other ladies in furs, smart hats and white gloves got out of a cab and they nodded and smiled to Mrs. Weber. Edna started the car quickly, not wishing to be seen trying to see who they were.

Of course teas were a stupid bore and Margaret Jennings' most eccentric and old-fashioned. All of Edna's friends gave bridge luncheons or cocktail parties. Only the really old families, die-hards like the Jenningses, still had teas. "Mid-Victorian nonsense," laughed Edna scornfully, still uncomfortable at the snub. "I'd have been bored stiff."

WHEN she reached Sheila's place, one of those old rococo mansions that had been cut up into small apartments, she rummaged in the jump seat for the flowers and the bottle of orange juice she'd brought for her sister. The flowers were really lovely, chrysanthemums and red dahlias. She'd hesitated a moment between the freshly cut ones and a vase of some that had begun to droop a little. After all, it wouldn't make much difference to Sheila if they were a bit faded. But the few people who came to visit her would see them.

In the dark old hall there was a full-length mirror and she glanced at herself approvingly. It was a little ridiculous to take such pains with her appearance when she came to see Sheila, but she always did. She was glad her hair had been freshly curled and that her suit was expensive, from one of the best shops in town. It did a lot for her short stocky figure. There was no doubt about it, she looked prosperous and well-groomed and she smiled as she mounted the long musty stairs. The worn red stair carpet gave off an odor of decay and stale cooking. Poor Sheila, living like this, after all she'd had.

"Come in," caroled Sheila's musical throaty voice at her knock and she went in, still smiling.

"It's Edna, dear," she said, looking toward

[continued on page 74]

**"O Rarely Soft,"**  
the touches of her hands,  
As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands"

—"Love Lyrics," James Whitcomb Riley

\* Are your hands  
"O Rarely Soft," or  
**Really Rough**  
as a January Nor'easter?

Don't let Winter make your hands look OLD

"DROWSY zephyrs," did you say, Sir Poet? Wake up!—Mr. Riley—this is January. And a brutally workaday world. Don't you think there sort of ought to be a footnote to your lovely lyric to lovely hands? Something like..."If you want 'em, use Pacquins—quick!"

Because work and weather chap, roughen, redden, ruin a woman's

hands... often make them look older than her actual years.

And Pacquins Hand Cream says a fast and scornful "pooh" to work and weather—hands keep their smooth, white, youthful-looking loveliness. Snowy-white, non-greasy, daintily perfumed. As delightful to use as the results are to see. Get Pacquins now!



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**HECTOR BOIARDI\***  
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Cook spaghetti in salted boiling water for 12 minutes. Meanwhile, let the sauce heat over a low flame. Drain spaghetti... combine with sauce... then top with the grated cheese—and lady, take a bow! Your family will say it's the best spaghetti dinner they ever tasted. Children love it. Generous servings for 3 or more in every carton.

\*Pronounced BOY-AR-DEE



2. I'd forgotten Bert was bringing two important customers for dinner! I was frantic. He was counting on me for something deluxe. If I let him down he'd never forgive me.



4. Our guests said they had never tasted such wonderful spaghetti and sauce. Bert beamed proudly. As for me—I sighed with relief, vowing always to have an extra Chef Boy-Ar-Dee carton on hand.

**Chef BOY-AR-DEE**

*Spaghetti Dinner*



**Every Wednesday Afternoon**

from page 73

the chaise longue at the graceful figure in the ruffled chiffon blouse.

"How nice of you to come," cried Sheila gaily, as if she didn't know perfectly well that Edna came every Wednesday afternoon and on Sundays after the eleven-o'clock service. "Draw up a chair, darling, and tell me all the gossip."

The moment she entered her sister's presence Edna had to fight this rising impatience with her. If you didn't know, you'd think Sheila was still the mistress of a great house and that she was reclining on that shabby chaise longue in a spacious drawing-room, receiving a host of admiring friends. Her warm husky-voice had the lilt of laughter in it, as if someone had just whispered a witty story into her ear.

"HOW do you feel today?" asked Edna quickly in her sickroom voice that tried to be cheerful but was prepared for the worst.

"Rather good, thanks. Maynard gave me an excellent lunch. I heard Schumann's piano quintet over the radio and I've just had a glass of sherry. Like one?" She made a graceful gesture toward the cut-glass decanter on the coffee table beside her. The gesture was one of such sheer beauty that Edna caught her breath and felt her heart contract. Not until she glanced quickly at her sister's face, with the dark glasses hiding her eyes, was she reassured.

"No, thanks. Sherry gives me heartburn. I've brought you some orange juice and a bunch of flowers," she answered.

"You're so good to me, my dear," laughed Sheila. "Food for soul and body, eh?"

"The doctor said orange juice was good for you and I know how high oranges are now, so I thought I'd share some of the ones Henry had sent from Florida. Would you like some now?"

Edna had found a vase for the flowers and was running water from the washstand in the corner. She looked about the high-ceilinged old-fashioned room, her heart balancing between pity and satisfaction. What a dingy down-at-heels place for a person like Sheila to end her days in. How strange life was! When she thought of what Sheila had been, what she had had—everything a woman could want: beauty, money, love, position, a child—and now she had nothing.

And look at me, Edna mused, the ugly duckling, the plain sister. Nobody ever expected me to marry and when I did it was only to Henry MacFarland, whose father ran a hardware store. Not a very exciting match after Sheila's Austrian writer who could have used a title if he'd wanted to. People forgot what a lot of money there was in hardware; with a good business you had something. Not just a few volumes nobody read any more and a scrapbook of book reviews, but an income for life. And the way things were going now—well, Henry was going to end up a very wealthy man.

"No thanks, Edna, not now. Just set it on the window sill to keep cool. How provident Henry is," said Sheila, out of amusement rather than respect. "Ever the good provider."

"Yes, he is, Sheila." Edna's voice was sober, tried to make up for Sheila's lightness in speaking of that good man who had given his wife a fine home and her own car and clothes from Chez Maurice. "I'm a very lucky woman. He's given me everything."

"Everything?"

Edna colored and ignored her sister's barb. "I saw Mrs. Weber today. She was asking about you."

"Who is Mrs. Weber?" drawled Sheila reaching for the cigarette box. Her hand struck the sherry glass and knocked it over with a tiny crash. Edna leaped up and put a cigarette between the slim white groping fingers, righted the glass. "Thanks," acknowledged Sheila shortly, with a trace of annoyance. "May I have a light?"

Edna lighted her cigarette and took one herself.

"Surely you remember Mrs. Weber, Sheila!"

President of the Woman's Club. She lives on First Hill in that wonderful Georgian house. A friend of Margaret Jennings. Very wealthy and prominent. She gave a reception for you and Conrad when you came home from Europe."

Sheila chuckled. "I remember her now. Very overstuffed. Tiresome woman with heart of platinum. Her grandfather seduced an Indian maid for her oil wells and founded the family fortunes. Conrad said something very funny about her."

"She was very fond of both you and Conrad," retorted Edna crossly. "She said today you were one of the most beautiful women she'd ever known."

"Oh, did she? Then she goes up a notch. The old gal actually has taste." Sheila laughed a bit hollowly and flicked ashes toward the ash tray. They missed and scattered down her rose chiffon ruffles and Edna looked away in embarrassment.

"She asked about Mimi," she persisted. "When I told her she was in New York studying music she was quite shocked."

Sheila's face closed and her head lifted proudly. If she could have seen behind the dark glasses, Edna knew the dark eyes would have been cold as steel.

"Indeed?" The throaty voice was like ice now, or no, more like a whip.

"She thinks it's dreadful for you to be left with only a stranger to care for you."

"But didn't you tell her I have you, darling?"

"She thought it a shame that your own daughter doesn't care enough about you to come home or have you live with her in New York." She hadn't meant to come right out so baldly, but Sheila's last ironic remark had been too much.

"I can't see that it's any of Mrs. Weber's or anyone else's business," said Sheila dryly.

"Well, really, Sheila, I don't think that's very kind—when people are only thinking of your good. I suppose you mean me too." Edna bristled, drew in too much smoke and coughed.

"I mean it's between Mimi and me. I wouldn't dream of letting her bury herself in this hole with a talent like hers. And I'm not going to New York and hang around her neck like a millstone. I want the child to have her chance at life. I had mine," her voice lost its sting, softened, warmed, "and I'll always be grateful for it. If Mimi can have the kind of life I've had I'll be satisfied."

"Even if it has to end like this—sick, blind, poor, in a shabby rented room with only a servant to look after her?" cried Edna, stung by the triumph in her sister's voice.

Sheila looked toward her and for a moment her face was radiant with its old beauty. "Why, yes, Edna, even if it has to end like this." She laughed softly. "A few years like this is not too much to pay for everything I've had."

THERE was a long silence and at last Edna twisted out her cigarette, brushed a few ashes off her sleek lap and stood up. "I have to run along now. I must lay out Henry's things for the dinner dance at the club."

"It was sweet of you to come, dear," murmured Sheila, leaning back wearily on the chaise longue. She took off her dark glasses, laid an arm across her eyes.

"Is there anything I can get you before I go?" asked Edna dutifully.

"Why, yes, Edna, if you wish. I'd like some of that orange juice now, please."

Edna poured orange juice into a chipped tumbler and brought it to her sister.

"Oh, by the way," said Sheila conversationally. "There's a letter from Mimi on the dresser. She's going to be married."

Edna gasped. "Married!"

"To a young Polish pianist who's in the air forces now. They're being married this month."

"But, my goodness, Sheila—"

"They want me to go east for the wedding and stay on with Mimi until he comes home." Sheila laughed tenderly. "Sweet of them,



don't you think? But of course I won't go."  
"You're absolutely crazy!" Edna cried indignantly. "It would solve everything for you."

"Do you really think so?" asked Sheila smiling. "Everything?"

"It would make things very much easier for all concerned," was all Edna could trust herself to say, she was so furious. "But I don't suppose you'll take my advice."

"No, dear."

Edna picked up the two letters on the dresser. One was addressed in Mimi's dashing hand—the other was on Margaret Jennings' austere stationery. Knowing that Sheila couldn't see her, she removed the card inside. "Mrs. John Treffrey Jennings will be at home on Wednesday, October 11, 1944, from three to five." Her face got very red. "Why didn't you tell me Margaret Jennings had asked you to her tea?" she burst out without thinking.

"Why should I? Besides, I forgot about it."

I didn't intend to go, anyway. Teas are so stuffy. Margaret's a dear, but she entertains with such a heavy hand."

Edna tossed the two letters back onto the dresser. It was all she could do to keep from tearing that miserable card to bits.

"Well, good-by, Sheila. I'll see you on Sunday." She bent over her sister and pecked at her cheek. Sheila patted her hand lightly.

"Thanks for coming, dear. You're really awfully kind, you know," she murmured affectionately.

Edna sighed, started for the door. "I really don't know why I do come, Sheila," she said in a flash of unwonted honesty. "We haven't a thing in common and I don't think you'd care at all if I never came. I don't know why I do it."

"Don't you, darling? I think you do," and Sheila's warm amused laughter followed her sister out the door and down the musty dark stairs. [THE END]

## The Wrong Man

from page 26

said for an adventurer's mind. There was a crispness he admired. Erik hesitated. In that hesitation Joe could watch the thoughts: Maybe she's fat. Maybe it would just ruin a dream. Maybe I'd be letting myself in for a homey little evening. Maybe it would just embarrass all of us.

Erik said, "I'll take you up, Joe. Tell me the address and don't plan to meet me."

WALKING away toward the wholesaler's, Joe could not be sure whether Erik's eyes had actually widened or whether there was something new and strange and hard in them.

He had no trouble getting a call through to Margaret, but the conversation settled nothing. Other men reported themselves able to tell what a person on the other end of a telephone wire was thinking, but he had never been able to do so. So now he knew only that she had heard him say Erik Van Nuys was coming for dinner. He had no idea whether the announcement left her heart pounding, whether she was in a mood to rush to the hairdresser or whether, after the call, she would just sit down and stare at a wall of the living-room.

He was able to tell no more when he reached home. Oh, she was wearing a dress he liked especially, a simple blue dress which suited her, but in honesty he could not say that it made her either younger than her thirty years or prettier. In his opinion, anything which would make Margaret look younger would simply have made her look childish; and no dress in the world could improve on the beauty of her trim figure.

Sometimes he thought ruefully that having a wife who had actually become more beautiful year by year during her twenties was a peculiar sort of tragedy for a husband, a tragedy which could be neither shared nor understood by many men. To most, the implications of one's own becoming bald and thickening, unaccompanied by wifely changes, would be lost in simple envy. He filed the thought with other disconnected thoughts, having nothing to do with running a department store, having no bearing on civic life and no answers anywhere. They were so what thoughts, and they had never bothered him as a youth as they had lately.

Margaret's kiss was neither more cordial nor less than usual. Her preparations for the dinner, assisted by Annie, seemed no more than routine for an evening when there would be one extra at the table. Donny, playing with a battered set of blocks on the living-room floor, had not been disturbed.

While he was still thinking, and breaking some ice cubes out of a stubborn old tray, Erik came to the door.

Joe admired his wife. He had wondered about that meeting. Now he knew that she did the only thing possible. Her kiss of welcome was neither a peck nor lingering. It was a kiss of welcome and just right.

For Erik he had scarcely less admiration. He had always wondered what to do in the

first five minutes in a strange house. Now he knew. You ignored the fact that it was strange. You said nothing about what a beautiful house it was, you remarked neither the weather nor the fact that the girl you had been in love with—and who had very definitely been in love with you, although the emotion was complicated—looked as young as ever.

Instead, you returned her welcoming kiss and looked at her once. After that no words were necessary. No words at all. You were quite free. You sat on the living-room rug and began unwrapping a construction set.

Just where you would get such a set or any other metal toys in these days had Joe somewhat puzzled, but obviously you could. You could, although he remembered with mixed feelings that he had on Donny's birthday reported no such things to be available.

Nevertheless the set was there. And presently Erik was building something out of it, paying no especial attention either to the girl he had loved or to her husband. He was not even seeming to be attentive to their son; but Donny's shyness was soon overcome by curiosity. He was in a very few minutes bolting on a left wing for the airplane taking shape under Erik's quick fingers; and he finally completed the construction unaided.

Erik took the drink Joe offered. He said, "Skool!" and drank part of it. He was an unusually handsome man, lean, with well-cut features, a man who looked as if he could move with the speed of a jungle cat but preferred not to move at all.

Margaret said, "Erik, that scar—" "When the plane hit the water," he said. "Piece of the escape hatch sliced me."

Joe asked him about the days on the raft.

Erik laughed. "Funny the things grown men will do in a situation like that to kill time. We began playing that old kids' game—you know, the one in which you bring your fists down together, pretending that you have something in them. One says, 'Rock,' and somebody else says, 'Paper,' or 'Scissors,' or 'Water.' Well, rock nicks scissors, scissors cut paper, paper covers water and water eats rock. So the man who says scissors when you say paper gets to slap your wrist with a couple of fingers as hard as he can. The senator who was with us worked on me all day. It took weeks for the bruise to clear."

They all laughed. They talked about games they used to play on the corner under the arc lamp—Run, Sheep, Run and Living Statues.

Margaret said, "You never were any good at Statues, Erik. I remember you couldn't stand still, so you'd always pretend the game was silly."

Joe grinned in the secret place where he kept his so-what thoughts: So three grown people, who haven't seen each other for years, get together. And do they talk about the things that interest them? About whether Margaret made a horrible mistake and married the wrong man? About the funny things

[continued on page 78]

# New feeding time idea!

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# When your child has a tantrum

by **FREDERIC H. BARTLETT, M.D.**

*Author of Infants and Children,  
Their Feeding and Growth*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
CONSTANCE BARNISTER



After the tantrum, play with the child, don't scold



*Would you know what to do if your  
child threw himself on the floor in a tantrum?*

*Would you know why he did it? You'll find the answers here*

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Our Reader-Reporters, 2000 representative women throughout the country, have told us their most frequent child-care problems. This is third in an authoritative series answering those problems. Next, Disobedience.

**T**HERE is probably nothing more alarming to parents than seeing their child in a tantrum. They fear that the youngster may hurt himself. They don't know how to stop the attack. It's reassuring to realize that nearly all children have tantrums at one time or another—tantrums because they must do something or they mustn't do something, they must go somewhere or they can't go somewhere.

A tantrum is an expression of anger. It usually means that a child isn't getting his own way. In other words it's an outburst of rage—the same sort of explosion that an adult has when he's angry. An adult usually gives vent to anger by a direct attack on the cause of the anger. A child lies down on the floor, bangs his head and screams. Or he may kick and bite, scratch and cry. His tantrum is an explosion of resentment at not getting his way. And it is a perfectly natural thing for him to do.

You must remember that tantrums are a part of the process of growing up. You should no more think of punishing a child who has tantrums and cries than you would a child who falls down when he is learning to walk.

This will be easier if you realize that in most cases the reason for the tantrum lies not with the child but with the adult. At least the adult is usually the cause

of the first tantrum. He makes an issue over some insignificant situation and the child objects. The grownup gets more determined, the child gets angry and a tantrum is the result.

Sometimes an explosion will come when you ask the child to do some simple task like putting on his clothes to go outdoors. If he kicks and screams don't speak to him. Just quietly and firmly put his clothes on. By "firmly" I don't mean shaking him or spanking him, but continuing to put on his clothes despite objections. In this way you have accomplished what you wanted without wasting any words and the child has not gained the attention he obviously wanted by a tantrum. After this routine has been carried out several times and he finds that nothing is gained he'll usually stop having tantrums.

If the first tantrum is ignored the child may never have a second. Sometimes he will try to repeat it just to see if he can get away with it. Continue to be calm and undisturbed through several trials and the tantrums will taper off.

## THE SILENT TREATMENT

The value of this treatment was shown one day when I was examining a child in my office. He began to scream lustily and kick and fight. His mother, the nurse and I kept absolutely quiet. We did not speak to the child, nor to each other, nor try to halt him. He stopped screaming to see if anyone were noticing him. When he found no one giving him any attention, he ceased screaming just as suddenly as he began. After that he watched me make the examination

quite calmly and with a great deal of interest.

The scratching biting attack presents a more difficult situation. This also can be handled by saying nothing, while holding the child firmly so that he cannot hurt you. You may do this by holding him on your lap or by kneeling on the floor with your arms around him. If you have sufficient strength to do this and don't get angry yourself, the child will gradually relax. If you aren't strong enough to hold the child, just walk out of the room and leave him alone. If he follows you, put him back in the room, but say nothing. Let him alone until he has recovered.

## HOW TO CURE TANTRUMS

The way to cure tantrums is to prevent their occurrence. Occasionally a mother may notice the build-up of an explosion and can divert the child by saying, "Let's go out and play," or by starting a favorite game. Often this doesn't work and she is confronted with a child screaming and biting, or lying on the floor, kicking and banging his head. What shall she do then? My advice is to do nothing at all.

No tantrum will go on indefinitely. It will stop when the child realizes that he is not gaining anything by it. It is futile to try to stop the uproar by yelling at the child, telling him you'll take this or that away from him or you'll put him to bed. Threats like these are useless and often prolong the attack.

After a tantrum is over, don't scold or punish your child. Try to make him happy, do what he is interested in. Punishment will only harm his development. Just don't talk about the whole unhappy incident.



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